

Eddie is a Power Bottom

*Ultimate Reddie Smut
Series - II*

yallreddieforthis

Eddie is a Power Bottom by yallreddieforthis

Series: [Ultimate Reddie Smut Series \[2\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Anal Sex, Dom!Eddie, M/M, Mentions of Teasing, Powerbottom!Eddie, Riding, Smut, Submissive!Richie, safe sex, smut without plot, they're like seniors in this

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Eddie and Richie are frustrated after a night of teasing each other at Bill's so they rush back home to let out what they've been building up.

Eddie is a power bottom and Richie is submissive.

Eddie is a Power Bottom

Author's Note:

This idea was suggested by eff_reality for my Reddie Smut Series! If anyone else has any other suggestions for kinks/scenarios please leave a comment down below as I do read and reply to all of them!

Eddie pushed Richie back against his bedroom door as soon as it closed behind them. His lips attacked his neck hungrily as he let out the pent-up frustration they had caused each other during the party they had just gotten back from; first Eddie sat on his lap and wouldn't stop wiggling his adorable little hips on him, then Richie kept sliding his hand over his thigh under the dinner table as they ate with the other Losers. They had turned their modest night out with their childhood friends into a competition on who could give the other an uncomfortable boner the fastest.

Eddie kissed down his collarbone as he tried to pry Richie's shirt off of him before he could even raise his arms. Richie knew his boyfriend was very... *enthusiastic* when it came to sex and he often preferred when things went his way so he always let him take charge knowing full well he'd make it an amazing experience every time.

Eddie tugged him by his shirt and pushed him back against his worn-in mattress. They always went back to Richie's house to have sex since his father was always gone for days at a time and his mother was either blackout drunk or passed out on a stool at a bar she'd forgotten the name of which meant they had full privacy and could be as loud as they wanted to be. Whichecks a good thing right now since Eddie was making him moan so loudly he's sure Mrs. Young—ironic name, by the way—could hear them from next door over the sound of her tits dragging across the hardwood.

Their clothes were off before Richie's fuzzy brain could follow (they *had* had a few drinks while they were there) and Eddie was suddenly on top of him. The small boy reached between his legs to

start stroking his boyfriend with his right hand as his left fumbled through Richie's cluttered nightstand for the lube and a condom. He pulled out the nearly empty bottle and made a mental note to get more as he poured a generous amount in his hand, considering they didn't have time to prepare him right now. The cool slickness of his fingers and the condom sliding over him made Richie shiver and his toes curl but it was soon replaced by a sudden warmth as Eddie began lowering himself down on his now rock hard cock.

Richie groaned at the tightness and reached forward to grab onto Eddie's hips but was quickly rejected as small and slightly sticky hands wrapped around his wrists and pinned them above his head. He knew he could easily break free from his grip but he didn't want to, and he knew Eddie didn't want that either. During sex was the only time Eddie got to feel bigger, stronger. Even if he was the bottom he was always on top and he always could feel that he was in charge of what was going on. And Richie wouldn't have it any other way.

Eddie tilted his head back and his eyes sipped shut in pleasure with every rocking of his hips. Richie was rather impressively endowed but not so much that Eddie would never be able to fully adjust and would always need preparation; he was just the perfect size for him. He was also curved just perfectly where if Eddie arched his back just right he could hit his own prostate with every push of his hips.

Eddie sunk all the way down and began to swirl his hips on him, causing the curly haired boy to let out a whimper of pleasure. Without opening his eyes Eddie fumbled with his hands to switch to only one pinning his crossed over wrists down and the other covering his mouth. When he sped up his movements and the noises were still obvious he switched to slipping three of his lithe fingers into his mouth, something they both seemed to prefer than the former.

Eddie arched his back and moved his legs over to another position so he could ride him with more force and let out small contained moans each time the tip of his cock brushed against that certain spot inside of him. He bit his lip hard at the fluttering sensation in the pit of his stomach and pulled his wet fingers out of Richie's mouth to start stroking his own cock in time with his thrusts.

He could feel Richie's fingers twitch beneath his hold and finally opened his eyes to look down at him. The taller boy's brown eyes were blown wide with lust. His thick curls were splayed across the pillow in a mess and his lips were bright red and wet with his own spit and most likely the lube that was on Eddie's fingers. He noticed the way he nervously glanced between Eddie and where his hand was working himself over and he simply nods in permission. He lets one of his hands slip free so it could replace his own hand.

Richie twists his wrist and works him over in a way that only someone who's been with him for this long could possibly do so perfectly. He can feel himself getting closer and closer and by the way Richie kept closing his eyes and wincing he could tell he was trying to hold back for him.

When Eddie felt the heat inside of him erupt he slammed his hips down onto Richie's as he pulsed in his hand and came all over both of their stomachs. During his high when his hole started to tighten around him Richie finally came unloose inside of him. Eddie pulled off and collapsed next to him as his boyfriend tossed the used condom in the general direction of his trashcan.

Richie draped his comforter over them as Eddie panted against his neck. "Next time don't reenact the sounds I make in bed to Bill," he whispers before promptly falling asleep in his arms.

Author's Note:

Please leave suggestions in the comments down below, I'm on a streak of writing every night so chances are your idea will be used!